

Outerspace Lizard Creature

Barroom Arm Wrestler

a comedy sketch idea by Jonathan D Steinhoff © 10.30.16
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As explained by a caption as we zoom in on a graphic, comedy sketch takes place deep in the endless quiet of outerspace, on a little tiny speck that turns out to be large enough, as we approach, to host a noisy outerspace barroom with a blinking electric neon sign out front, Zloop-Poig's Bar, occupied by noisy, intoxicated, rambunctious, outerspace creatures, etc. Our specific focus in the bar are NUMP and PANTZOOT, who are arm wrestling with each other while downing brews at a rickety old wooden table in the noisy bar. NUMP is a SUPER gross lizard creature man person with orange hair combed in a conspicuously odd way - NUMP always laughs in an evil, grotesque, lizardy manner whenever the end of the Earth comes up; PANTZOOT is some kind of sexy female outerspace species, very human-like, with a few extra appendages, one of which is the arm and hand she uses in the arm wrestling with NUMP. From their conversation, it appears that the stakes of this arm wrestling match involves nothing that really matters to them (given the strange nature of what is commonplace in NUMP's and PANTZOOT's outerspace existences): hanging in the balance is the outcome of Earth's U.S. future election! Yes, it is easily within the power of these strange creatures to control things such as this, for they are outerspace folks, where anything is possible, and we can only begin to imagine the degree of their power and/or coldness about things that matter to Earthlings. Their conversation reveals previous matches have involved for stakes the question of blowing up planets, even solar systems. This time it's the indirect destruction of the Earth that's at stake, seen easily by both as the inevitable result should Trump win the election / NUMP win the arm wrestling match. PANTZOOT has considerably more interest, concern and heart about Earth's fate than does NUMP, as their conversation reveals, and of course PANTZOOT favors Hillary, NUMP favoring Trump. In other words, if NUMP wins the arm wrestling, they agree to use their powers to have Trump win the election (special magic alien powers); if PANTZOOT wins, it's Hillary. However, old friends keep coming over to their table in the bar and interrupting the match, causing NUMP and PANTZOOT to put down their (strangely) locked arms and hands over and over to kick back with their brews a moment, thus postponing the fate of Earth over and over. The friends who come over each strangely resemble those we see on TV regarding election conversation, such as outerspace alien versions of Comey, Chris Matthews, Melania, Bill Clinton, Weiner, etc.

THE END